

John was in "high gear" and reported that he had been drinking with his buddies. Given the fact that a glass of burgundy was on my desk when John arrived, and given John's report on his activities between 8 and 9, we both, at John's insistence, had to take a sobriety test - walk a straight line; touch your nose with your eyes closed, etc. Both of us, of course, passed the tests with flying colors. Very amusing. I went over to the CPL and helped John work. We dusted shelves on the main floor, took out the garbage, swept the floor and then went up to the third floor and "explored" and located many turn-of-the-century books that have been de-acquisitioned. I suggested, and John agreed, that we make the small room at the top of the stairs (on the third floor) into a rare book/historical room. We both got very excited about the project and avidly sorted through the piles of books. We can look the room and then we will have a secure place for the older and rarer books, including all of the old newspapers. John and I worked until 11:30 P.M.

Even though I had resolved to myself that I was going to bring up the note that John wrote to me yesterday, the opportunity did not seem to present itself, which is very odd because I spent about 9 hours with John yesterday. When the moment is right, perhaps today, I will bring up the note. What a beautiful thing for one human being to say to another! I'm sure that the subject of the note was not introduced by me yesterday because I didn't know what I was going to say after the subject was raised. The opportunity existed, certainly, but I didn't know what to say. It was clearly not a case of my not having an opportunity. If I wanted wanted the opportunity I would have created it.